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CHRIST IS RISEN!

CHRIST IS RISEN, let none disbelieve!

When the words of the Lord had been fulfilled, that He had come to give His life for the salvation of many, then His disciples wavered in their faith.

Forgotten were His words, that after His suffering, on the third day He would rise.

With sorrow the disciples of Christ said: "And we had hoped that He would save Israel." As it seemed, darkness had conquered light forever, the darkness of sin had conquered the Light of Truth. But at the very time when visible victory was still on the side of the enemies of Christ, Christ in actuality had already overthrown the foundations of hell and freed its captives, had conquered death and risen from the grave. [Continued on inside back cover.]

+ Archbishop John Maximovitch

Archbishop John Maximovitch

Pascha, 1935

ST. COSMAS OF AITOLIA
1714-1779
Commemorated August 24

Icon by Photios Kontoglou

The Life of

THE PRIEST-MARTYR

ST. COSMAS OF AITOLIA EQUAL-TO-THE-APOSTLES

By SAPHEIROS CHRISTODOULIDES of Grammos

This Life of a great Saint of modern times, here translated from the Greek, was written by one of his faithful disciples, who was thus himself a witness to the life and teaching he describes. The Life was first printed as a synaxarion together with the service to the Saint in Venice in 1814.

THIS TRUE MAN OF GOD, COSMAS, the teacher and preacher of the Divine Gospel, was from Aitolia, from a small village named Mega Dendron. The son of pious parents, by whom he was reared and taught *in the nurture and admonition of the Lord*, according to the word of the Apostle, he began taking general studies in about his twentieth year. When the school of Vatopedi (Mount Athos) began functioning with great fame in those days, he went there together with not a few of his fellow students. There he finished his general studies.

The Saint was still a layman, Constance by name; yet, even though he was in layman's attire, he appeared adorned with the modesty of the Monastic Habit, and disciplining himself in all things, he exercised himself in perfect asceticism.

When through misfortune that famous school was deserted, the teachers having departed, then also the good Constance departed from there and went to the Sacred Monastery of Philotheou. There he was tonsured monk at first, and he advanced most eagerly in the labors of the monastic life. After this, since the monastery had need of a priest, he was ordained priest-monk at the great urging and supplication of the fathers. From the beginning the blessed one had a great longing in his

heart, even while yet a layman, to benefit his fellow Christians with those things which he had learned. And many times he would say that our fellow Christians have great need of the word of God, and that those who study ought not to run to the houses of the powerful and the courts of the great, and thus for the sake of acquiring wealth and honors render their education useless; but rather that they should teach the common people who live in great ignorance and barbarism, and thus acquire a heavenly reward and unfading glory.

Yet, even though he had great longing, and much zeal burned within his sacred heart to benefit the many, nevertheless he would bring to mind how great and difficult is the undertaking of apostolic preaching, and humble-minded and meek as he was, he did not dare to attempt it of himself without first knowing what the Divine Will was. Hence, desiring to test if this was the will of God, he opened the Divine Scripture and -- O, the wonder! -- there before him was the word of the Apostle which says, *Let no man seek his own, but let every man seek the other's good* (I Corinthians 10: 24).

Being, therefore, informed by this, he revealed his purpose to other spiritual fathers as well, and when he received their consent, he went to Constantinople to meet his brother, the teacher Chrysanthos,[1] who taught him some elements of rhetoric, so that he might be able to speak with clarity. When, therefore, he had revealed his purpose to the more pious hierarchs and teachers there, and found them all to be in agreement and exhorting him to this divine labor, he received written permission from Seraphim of Delvine, who was patriarch at that time.

THUS THE BLESSED ONE began preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom of the Heavens, at first in the churches and villages around Constantinople. From there he went to Navpraktos, Vrachorion, Mesolongion and other places, and again back to Constantinople. After having been counseled by the then Patriarch Sophronios, he received anew permission and blessing from him, and began again to preach the word of the Gospel with more fervor and zeal. And indeed, after he had passed through almost the whole of the Dodecanese and taught the Christians to repent and do works worthy of repentance, he returned from thence to the Holy Mountain in the year 1775. While there he went about to all the monasteries and sketes, and having taught the fathers there, he remained for a little time reading the divine works of the Fathers.

1. Chrysanthos, the brother of St. Cosmas, was also the instructor of St. Nicodemos of the Holy Mountain.

AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF THE SAINT

Yet, not being able to endure because of the love that burned within his heart to benefit the Christians, -- as he himself often said to the fathers -- he departed from the Holy Mountain. Beginning with the villages just outside of the Holy Mountain, he went preaching on the way to Thessalonika, Verroia, and to almost the whole of Macedonia. He proceeded to the parts of Chimaera, Acarnania, Aitolia, and even to Arta itself and Preveza. From thence he sailed for Aghia Mavra (the island of Lefkas in the Ionian Sea) and Cephalonia. Wherever the thrice-blessed one went, there could be found a great gathering of Christians who listened to the grace and sweetness of his words with much compunction and reverence. Thus, great correction and spiritual benefit would result.

His teaching -- even as we ourselves heard it -- was most simple, like that of the Fishermen. It was calm and peaceful, so that it seemed as though it were wholly filled with the grace of the gladsome and peaceful Holy Spirit. Especially on the island of Cephalonia, this sacred teacher brought great spiritual benefit with the seed of his inspired teaching.

But God also, from on high, aided and confirmed his words with the following signs and miracles, even as He once confirmed the preaching of His Apostles by these very same miracles.

On this island there was a certain poor tailor whose right hand had been withered and useless for many years. This man, therefore, ran to the Saint and beseeched him to heal him. The Saint exhorted him to come with reverence while he taught, saying that God would have compassion on him. The poor man obeyed, and after he had heard his teaching -- O, the wonder! -- the next day he was found to be healed.

And again, another paralytic who heard of this strange miracle asked that they take him on his bed to the place where the Saint was teaching. After a few days, he too was made whole, and he glorified God and thanked the Saint.

There is a certain village of Cephalonia named Kourouni. Once, when the Saint was passing by this village in the summertime, he became thirsty as he was walking on the road, and asked that they bring him water from a dry well which was there nearby. The people told him that the well was dry, yet in order to be obedient they went and brought up from the depths of the well water full of mud and took it to him. Putting it to his mouth, he drank a little, and from that time on, that dry well strangely gushed forth pure water. It henceforth remained always full, both winter and summer, and it is a cure for many diseases.

Because of the great multitudes of people which no church could contain, out of necessity he taught in the open. Thus, it was his habit that wherever he was about to stand to teach, he would first tell them to make a large wooden Cross, and they would set it up there. Afterwards, upon the wood of this Cross he would lean the stand which, it is said, was made for him by Kurt Pasha in the form of a pedestal with a support. He would stand upon this and teach, and after the lesson he would dismantle the stand and take it with him wherever he went. As for the Cross, it remained there as a perpetual reminder of his preaching. In those places where the Crosses were fixed, God worked many wonders. In the midst of the marketplace of Argostolion, a village of Ceph-

alonia, at the place where the Saint left such a Cross, there gushed forth a wondrous water which can be seen even to this day, and which never lessens.

FROM CEPHALONIA he crossed over to Zakynthos (Zante), being accompanied by ten small sailing craft filled with pious Cephalonians. However, the blessed one had no success there. Hence, having taught there only a little, he returned again to Cephalonia. From there he went to Corfu, where he was received with great enthusiasm by all, and especially by its governor. However, when a very great multitude gathered from all the villages to hear the teaching of the Saint, the leaders of the city feared the arousing of the ill will [of the Italian authorities] and asked him to depart as quickly as possible. Thus, in order to avoid becoming a cause of scandals and disturbances among the people, he left them there and crossed over to the mainland, that is, to Albania, to Sarande, and there he taught the people as he walked and passed through those barbarous provinces. In these places piety and the Christian life were in danger of vanishing altogether because of the great ignorance that prevailed among the Christians there, and also because of the many evils, murders, robberies, and countless other transgressions to which they were addicted. In evil they well nigh surpassed even the impious (Moslems).

Whereupon the sacred Cosmas sowed the seed of the Divine Word in the hardened and fierce hearts of these Christians, and with the aid of Divine Grace, he bore many and great fruits. He tamed the wild, caused the thieves to cease from their lawlessness, made the uncompassionate and unmerciful merciful, rendered the irreverent reverent, instructed the unlearned and the crude in Divine things, made them hasten to the Divine services, and to put it simply, brought all sinners to great repentance and correction – so much so, that all said that a new Apostle had appeared in their days.

He established schools everywhere by means of his teaching, both primary and secondary schools, in the cities and in the villages, so that the children might go there and learn the sacred letters free, and thus be established in the Faith and in piety, and be guided to a virtuous manner of life. He persuaded the rich, and they purchased more than four thousand large baptismal fonts of bronze and dedicated them to the churches so that they might always be found there as a memorial to the donors, and so that the children of the Christians might be baptized in the proper manner. Similarly, he persuaded those who had the means to buy patristic books, books of Christian instruction, prayer-ropes, small

crosses, scarves and combs. The books he distributed free to those who knew letters, or those who promised to learn. As for the scarves, he distributed more than forty thousand of them to the women so that they might cover their heads. He gave the combs to those who promised to leave their beards uncut and live in a virtuous and Christian manner. He distributed the prayer-ropes and small crosses -- more than fifty thousand of them -- to the common people, so that they might pray for the forgiveness of those who bought them.

He had some forty or fifty priests who followed him, and when he was about to go from one village to another, he first commanded the Christians to confess, to fast and to have a vigil-service with a great effusion of light. He had wooden candle-stands that were especially made, which could fit one hundred candles, and which he would dismantle and take with him. Afterwards, he would distribute candles to all freely and would put the priests to read the service of Holy Oil, and all the Christians would be anointed, and at the end he would preach to them.

Since many people followed him -- some two or three thousand -- in the evening he would command that they prepare many sacks of bread and vats of boiled wheat. Afterwards, they would go out by the wayside where the people would pass by, and thus all partook of that food and prayed for the forgiveness of both the living and the dead.

IN ALBANIA ALSO God worked many miracles through St. Cosmas, such as the following. One Turkish officer, being incited by either the Jews or by the demon, had so much hate for the Saint that he once mounted his horse and hastened to reach the Saint to inflict harm upon him. But as the horse was galloping, it threw him down and he broke his right foot. After he had returned to his house, he discovered his son dead. At this, he repented and sent a letter to the Saint asking forgiveness from him.

The foremost Aghas from Philiates went to see the Saint and hear his teaching. Since it was summertime, they slept out in the open plain. At about the fifth hour of the night, they saw a heavenly light like a cloud which covered the place where the Saint was standing. They themselves narrated this to the Christians. And in the morning they asked the Saint to give them his blessing from his heart, and not from his lips only.

In Phanar, at the place called Lykurse (northeast of Sarante) one Turkish official saw the Cross which the Saint had left there, which, as

we have mentioned, it was his custom to do when he taught. When he saw it, he took it from its place and brought it to his house to make two posts for the bed which he had in his country home. But suddenly--O, the wonder!--there was a trembling like a terrible earthquake, and unable to stand upon his feet he fell to the earth, rolling about for a great length of time, foaming at the mouth and gnashing his teeth like one demonized. Afterwards, he was lifted up by two Turks who were passing by, and when he came to himself he realized that he suffered this from Divine wrath, because of his attempt to uproot the Precious Cross. Whereupon he went of himself and fixed it in the same place where it was before, and every day he would go and kiss it with great reverence. When the sacred teacher passed by there yet another time, this same Turk ran to worship him, and in the presence of all narrated the miracle and humbly asked to be forgiven.

Inasmuch as the Saint censured women who wore ornaments, he persuaded them by his teaching to throw them all away--to such a degree that some even wore only black thereafter. One rich woman in Korche had a child whose head she adorned with many florins and other useless ornaments. The Saint exhorted this woman many times to distribute these things to the children of the poor, if she wanted her child to live. But she did not obey him. Finally he told her that if she did not take those ornaments off of her child, she would lose it quickly. Since even then she was not convinced, the next day she found her child dead in bed. Then she realized that God had chastized her because of her disobedience.

And again, since wherever the Saint went, he taught the Christians to have no marketing or other labor on the Lord's Day, but to go to the churches and hear the sacred services and the Divine words, God chastized with diverse chastizements those who disobeyed the Saint. Hence, in the place called Halkides, about one day's journey from Arta, one merchant's hand became suddenly withered since he had disobeyed and had dared to do business on the Lord's Day. He ran to the Saint and asked forgiveness for his sin, and after a few days he was healed.

Likewise in Parga, when one owner of a workshop wished to sell some goods on the Lord's Day, his hand became paralyzed. When he confessed his sin before the Saint and had been admonished by him, he received forgiveness together with the desired healing of his hand.

In Xeromeron, one woman made bread on the Lord's Day, and when she took it from the oven, it turned red as though she had kneaded

it with blood. She fell at the feet of the Saint and received the proper correction. In other places, because the proper reverence for the Lord's Day was not kept, one man's cow died, another's mule died, another became demonized, and one other found his child dead.

In one village of Kastoria called Selitsa (now Eratyra), one woman who had reverence for the Saint took the water with which he had washed his face and kept it in a glass vessel and--O, the wonder!--there sprouted forth a plant with just two leaves which became as big as the vessel and always floated on the water, without having roots and never changing its color. For a whole year it stayed fresh so that all who saw it marvelled. This water healed many, as this pious woman related.

THESE THINGS did God work through the Saint, and many others which we omit for the sake of brevity. Many times during his teaching the Saint would say openly that he was called to the preaching of the Gospel by Jesus Christ Himself, and that for the sake of His love he was about to spill his blood; and his prediction came to pass, in the following manner.

This apostolic teacher never opened his mouth to say a word against the Jews. He would teach the Christians only to live as Christians and to be truthful and have trust in the rulers which God had given them, even as the Albanians themselves (*i.e.*, the Moslem Albanian rulers) heard from his mouth whenever they went to hear him as he taught out in the open. They themselves proclaimed him to be a man of God, so much so that when Kurt Pasha heard his good report, he commanded that he be brought before him. So much was he pleased by his speech that he made him that stand of which we have spoken before, and he adorned it with silken velvet, so that he might go up on it and teach the people from an elevated place.

But the Jews who dwelt in Ioannina, not enduring to have the Faith and the Gospel of Jesus Christ preached, went and told the local pasha that Cosmas, this sacred man, had been sent by the Muscovites to lead the Royal Cattle [1] astray so that they might go to Muscovy (Russia). Although Divine Providence preserved him against the false accusations, many poor Christians suffered a considerable loss of money due to the slander. Hence, the sacred Cosmas began censuring the Jews for their slanderous accusation and implacable hatred towards the Orthodox Christians. He persuaded the people to change the common market day

1. *I. e.*, the Christians, so called because they belonged to the Sultan as though they were livestock.

from the Lord's Day to Saturday. Likewise, he ordered the Christians to remove from their heads the long tassels and the like which the Jews had introduced among them, and declaring such things "unclean," he forbade the Christians to buy them.

Therefore, no longer enduring to see and hear the Saint censuring them, the Jews went to Kurt Pasha and gave him many gold pieces, so that he might deprive the Saint of his life. Having consulted with his *hodja* [teacher of the Koran], through whom also he brought his plan to pass, Kurt Pasha decided to put the Saint to death, even as it came to pass in the following way.

The Saint had a custom that wherever he went to teach, he first received permission from the local bishop and from the secular rulers, and thus he taught unhindered. One time, therefore, when he came to one village in Albania called Kolikontas [most likely today's Chorovode] he received permission from the bishop there. When he had looked to ascertain who the secular rulers were and learned that Kurt Pasha (who lived in the town of Berat, some twelve hours distant) was the ruler over those parts, and that the *hodja* of the Pasha was there nearby, he sent a man to him and received permission and taught. Still he was not satisfied, but sought to go himself to the *hodja* for greater assurance.

For a time the Christians hindered him, telling him that he had never done such a thing before, that is, to go himself to the rulers to seek permission. Still, they were not able to hinder him. When the Saint had told them not to examine the matter further, he took four monks with him and one priest as an interpreter, and went to the *hodja*. The *hodja*, feigning, said that he had a letter from Kurt Pasha commanding him to send the Saint to him so that they might speak together. Then he commanded the men to guard the Saint and not to allow him to go out of the courtyard until he could send him to the Pasha. Then the blessed teacher understood that they were about to put him to death. Whereupon he glorified and thanked the Master, Christ, Who had accounted him worthy to finish the course of his apostolic preachings with martyrdom.

Afterwards, he turned to the monks who had accompanied him, and quoted to them the Psalmic text, *We passed through fire and water, and Thou broughtest us out into refreshment*. For the whole of the night he glorified the Lord with psalms, without showing any sign of sorrow over his approaching execution. Nay, rather he was most joyful in countenance, as though he were going to festivities and celebrations.

When daybreak came, seven Turkish executioners, feigning that they were about to take him to Kurt Pasha, as they alleged, took him and mounted him on a horse But when they had travelled a distance of about two hours, they brought him to a place where a great river (the Osum River) flows. Here they made him dismount and revealed to him the command which they had received from Kurt Pasha to put him to death. The Saint received this decision against him with joy, and bending his knees, he prayed unto God, thanking and glorifying Him, that for the sake of His love, he was sacrificing his life, even as his soul had always desired. Afterwards, he arose and blessed the four parts of the earth with the sign of the Cross, and prayed for all the Christians who keep his precepts.

The executioners made him sit next to a tree and would have tied his hands, but the Saint did not allow them, telling them that he would not resist, but would keep his hands crossed as though they had tied them. Then he leaned his sacred head on the tree and the barbarians tied him around the neck with a rope. Immediately, when they had barely tightened it, his divine spirit soared to the Heavens.

In this manner was the thrice-blessed Cosmas, that benefactor of all and most comely adornment of the world, accounted worthy to receive a double crown from the Lord -- that of Equal to the Apostles, and that of a Priest-Martyr, being in his sixty-fifth year.

WHEN THE EXECUTIONERS had stripped his precious body of its clothing, they dragged it and cast it into the river with a large stone tied to his neck. When the Christians learned this, they ran immediately to bring it out. They searched with nets and with other means but were not able to find it. After three days, one pious priest, Fr. Mark by name -- the priest of the Monastery of the Entry of the Most Holy Theotokos in the village of Kolikontas near the river -- this man, I say, got into a dugout, made the sign of the Cross and went in search of the relics, and immediately -- O, the wonder! -- he saw the holy relics floating on the water and standing upright as though the Saint were alive. Hastening to that spot, he embraced the Saint's body and brought it out of the water. As he was lifting it, much blood ran from the Saint's mellifluous mouth into the river. When he had clothed the relics with his *rasso*, he brought them to his monastery and buried them there with honor in the tribune (bema), during the archbishropic of Ioasaph of Belgrade, who was also present at the burial of the Saint.

After the repose of the Saint, the following things came to pass. Kurt Pasha repented that he had been fooled, and that for the sake of vain profit he had put to death such an innocent and peaceable man. He sent a message to his *hodja* to free the monks of the Saint whom he had imprisoned, so that they might go to the above-mentioned Monastery of the Theotokos and stay there. When they went there, they found that the holy relics had been buried, and in order to be more informed about his martyrdom, together with other priests and Christians they opened the grave. Though the relics of the Saint had been three days in the river, like Jonah in the belly of the sea-monster, yet they suffered no decay or foul odor, but were entirely fragrant and appeared as though the Saint were asleep. When they had kissed them reverently, they buried them again in the same place where the divine temple was built in his honor. It was built in the following manner.

While he was yet alive, the Saint was once passing by the parts of Tepelene in Albania. There he met the vizier Ali Pasha of Tepelene, who at that time was still a *bey* (governor) and who, in fact, was being persecuted by Kurt Pasha. When the Saint met him, he told him that his household would become great, that he would become a great ruler, renowned throughout the world, that he would be lord over many cities and the whole of Albania, and that, besides this, he would even succeed to the throne of Kurt Pasha.

After some thirty years, the prophecies of the Saint were fulfilled and when the most mighty vizier Ali Pasha had become great, he succeeded even to the throne of Kurt Pasha, even as the Saint had prophesied. Whereupon when the vizier Ali Pasha entered into Berat, he remembered that word of the Saint, and he called the bishop of Belgrade (Ioasaph, nephew of the man who had been bishop of Belgrade during the Saint's lifetime) and commanded him to uncover the relics of the Saint and build a monastery in his honor; for he knew the Saint to be a true man of God on account of the prophecy and other things.

After the passage of some time, therefore, there took place the translation of the Saint's relics, and his venerable head was immediately placed in a silver reliquary at the command of the most sublime prince and vizier Ali Pasha. Immediately afterwards he ordered that there be a common contribution, and commanded that the famed temple should be built in honor of the Saint's name. In this manner was the divine temple built from the foundation by the contribution and exhortation and sublime command of the most mighty vizier, Ali Pasha of Tepelene.

At the hour when they were exhuming the Saint, there happened to be found there a demonized woman who, out of longing to be healed, had followed the Saint from distant parts when he was yet living. When she saw that they had opened the grave of the Saint, the demons troubled her greatly, and after a short time she was healed, glorifying both God and the Saint.

One of the executioners who had put the Saint to death had taken his monastic cowl. When he returned to the *hodja*, he put it upon his head and mocked the Saint. Immediately, he became demonized and cast off his clothing and ran shouting that he had killed the ascetic. When the Pasha heard of this, he commanded them to put him in chains, aud there he who was evil died evilly.

After the Saint had preached for the last time at the forementioned village of Kolikontas, he left a large Cross there standing in the earth, as was his custom. After his repose, the Christians saw a heavenly light that shone above the Cross at night. Therefore, on the day of Exaltation of the Venerable Cross, the priests went together with the people and took the Cross and brought it in reverent procession to the place behind the tribune (bema), near the tomb of the Saint, as an everlasting remembrance of the miracle.

When the disciples of the Saint were freed by the Pasha, they exumed the relics of the Saint, and some of them took portions of them and went to other places. By means of those portions of the relics, many folk who were ill received their health. Especially on the Island of Naxos, where two disciples of the Saint had gone to tell the schoolmaster Chrysanthos, the sacred teacher and brother of the Saint, about his martyrdom, they chanced to have with them some of the hairs from the Saint's beard. One woman from Neochorion who had a grievous and fatal illness, took these hairs with reverence and -- O, the wonder! -- immediately she felt within herself a supernatural power, by which after a short time she received perfect health. But also many barren women who took earth from the grave of the Saint with reverence and faith for the space of forty days, -- they also received their request, that is, to bear children, by the grace of Christ and by the intercessions of the holy Priest-martyr Cosmas, through whose intercession may we be deemed worthy of the Kingdom of the Heavens. Amen.

SAINT COSMAS OF AITOLIA

With scenes from his life and martyrdom

FROM THE TEACHINGS
OF SAINT COSMAS

LOVE GOD

THE ALL-GOOD AND GREATLY-MERCIFUL GOD, my brethren, has many and various names. He is called light, and life and resurrection. But the chief name of our God is love, and so is He called. If, by chance, we want to get along well here, and also go to paradise, and call our God "love" and "Father," we must have two loves: love for our God, and for our brothers. It is natural for us to have these two loves; it is unnatural for us not to have them. And just as a turtle-dove needs two wings in order to fly in the air, so also do we need these two loves, because without them it is impossible for us to be saved. And first we have an obligation to love our God because He granted us such a big earth here where we live temporarily, so many thousands of plants, grasses, fountains, rivers, seas, air, day, night, sky, sun, *etc.* All these things, for whom did He make them if not for us? What does He owe us? Nothing. Everything is free. He made us into men; He did not make us into animals. He made us pious Orthodox Christians, and not impious heretics. And even if we sin a thousand times an hour, He has compassion for us like a father and does not kill us in order to put us into the place of torment, but with open arms He awaits our repentance. He awaits the time when we shall repent, and cease from evil deeds, and do good deeds, and confess and be corrected, so that He can embrace us and put us in paradise so that we might rejoice always.

Now, then, shouldn't we love such a most sweet God and Master? And should the need arise, shouldn't we spill our blood even a thousand times for His love, just as He also spilled it for our love? A man calls you to his house and wants to treat you to a glass of wine, and henceforth, for your whole life, won't you respect and honor him? And as for God, Who granted you so many good things and was crucified for your love, won't you honor and respect Him? What father was ever crucified for his children at any time? And our most sweet Jesus Christ

spilled His blood and redeemed us from the hands of the devil. Now shouldn't we also love our Christ? Not only we do not love Him, but we insult Him every day with the sins that we commit. But whom would you wish that we should love, my brethren? Should we love the devil who cast us out of paradise and brought us into this accursed world where we suffer so many evils? And the devil has the intention, if it were possible, to kill us all in this very hour and cast us into the place of torment; he would do it. Now I ask you, my brethren, so that you can tell me which is proper: should we hate the devil, our enemy, or should we love our God, our Creator,our Fashioner?

"Yes, O saint of God, you have said it very well."

May yout blessing be upon me, my brethren, I also say it, but even God needs a couch where He can sit. And what is this couch? Love. Therefore, let us also have love for God and for our brethren, and then God will come and make us joyful and will plant eternal life in our heart and we will get along well here, and in paradise we shall rejoice always.

LOVE YOUR NEIGHBORS

IT IS NATURAL for us to love our brothers, because we are of one nature; we have one Baptism, one Faith, we partake of the Immaculate Mysteries, and it is one paradise which we hope to enjoy. Fortunate is that man who has been deemed worthy and has received in his heart those two loves, -- for God and for his brothers. Because whoever has love in his heart has every good thing, and he cannot endure to do evil. And whoever doesn't have God in his heart has the devil, and he does every evil thing and all the sins. Even if we were to do thousands and thousands of good deeds, my brethren, -- fastings, prayers, almsgivings, and even spill our blood for our Christ, -- and we have not these two loves but have hate and enmity for our brothers, all those other good deeds which we did are of the devil and we go to the place of torment. But wait, you say, there with that little bit of enmity that we have for our brothers we go to the place of torment after having done so many good things? Yes, my brethren, because that enmity is the poison of the devil. And just as we put a little yeast into four bushels of wheat, and it has so much strength and can raise so much dough, no matter how much it is, so also is enmity. It turns all those good deeds which we did into the poison of the devil.

THE ORTHODOX WORD

How are you getting along here, my Christians? Do you have love amongst yourselves? If by chance you want to be saved, seek for nothing else in this world except love.

CONCERNING UNCEASING PRAYER AND THE PRECIOUS CROSS

NOW I AM GOING TO COUNSEL YOU, my brethren, that each one of you, both small and great, make a prayer-rope, and hold it with your left hand, and make your cross with your right hand, and say: *Lord Jesus Christ, Son and Word of the living God, through the Theotokos and all the Saints, have mercy on me, Thy sinful and unworthy slave.* Our all-good God has granted us the Immaculate Mysteries, and also the Precious Cross with which we bless. With the Cross we open paradise; with the Cross we cast out demons; but our hand must be pure from sin. Then the devil is burned and he flees. Wherefore, my brethren, whether you eat, or drink, or work, let neither this prayer, nor the Cross be absent from you. And it is a good and holy thing for you to pray always, in the morning, in the evening and at midnight.

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FROM THE PROPHECIES

OF SAINT COSMAS

The red hats will come, and afterwards the English will remain for fifty-four years, and then it will become Greek. (This prophecy was spoken in Cephalonia, concerning the liberation of the Seven Islands. The French wore "red hats" during the reign of Napoleon, and they established themselves in the Seven Islands -- except for Corfu which was surrendered to Campbell in 1815 -- and in 1864, after exactly 54 years, surrendered them to Greece.)

That which is longed for will come when two Paschal celebrations fall together. (Truly, in the year 1912, when the feast of Annunciation and Pascha fell on the same day, the northern provinces, including the city of Thessalonika, were surrendered to Greece by the Ottoman Empire.)

You will see a regular army and a guerilla army. You will suffer many things from them. (This prophecy was fulfilled during the Greek Civil War, 1945-49.)

The cause of the general war will come from Dalmatia. First Austria, then Turkey, will be dismembered. (Sarajevo, where the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince in 1914 precipitated the First World War, is actually in Bosnia, adjoining Dalmatia; at the end of the war first Austria, and then Turkey, were in fact dismembered, these multi-national "empires" being replaced by national states and mandated areas.

There will come a time when there will not exist this harmony which today exists between the people and the clergy.

In Constantinople enough blood will be shed to drown a three-year-old calf.

Men will become poor because they had no love for trees. (Greece, a land once densely forested, has now been reduced to utter barrenness because the villagers cut down the trees indiscriminately, and the remaining young trees were completely devoured by goats. As a result, the rains washed away all the fertile topsoil, and the poorness of the soil has contributed greatly to the poverty of the peasants.

The evil will come to you from those who are learned.

There will come a time when things mute and senseless will govern the world. (This prophecy begins to be comprehensible in our age of automation and electronic brains.)

In the plain you will see a horseless carriage going faster than a rabbit.

There will come a time when the land will be girded about with a string, and men will talk from one distant place to another, as though they were in adjacent rooms; for example, from Constantinople to Russia.

There will come a time when the devil will make orbits with his pumpkin. (Again, a prophecy that becomes comprehensible only today, when artificial satellites are commonplace. The reference to the evil one may perhaps point to the end and ultimate use of these and other modern inventions, or to the source of the first and many subsequent "orbiting pumpkins" – the USSR, a government founded on the satanic principle of warfare with God.)

You will see men flying in the sky like blackbirds, and throwing fire upon the earth. Those that are living then will run to the tombs, and will cry out: "Come out, you that are dead, so that we the living can come in."

THE NEW MARTYR LYDIA

WITH THE SOLDIERS CYRIL AND ALEXEI[1]

LYDIA, THE DAUGHTER of a priest in the city of Ufa, was born on March 20, 1901. From childhood she was sensitive, affectionate, loved by all, fearing sin and everything forbidden by God. Upon completing girls' school, at nineteen she married and lost her husband in the civil war with the departure of the White Army.

Her father, from the very beginning of the schism of the "Renovators," organized by the Bolsheviks in 1922, joined the schism. The daughter, prostrating herself at her father's feet, said: "Bless me, father, to leave you, so that I will not bind you in the salvation of your soul." The old priest knew his daughter, just as he was aware of the wrongness of his action. He wept and, blessing Lydia for an independent life, prophetically said to her: "See, daughter, when you will win your crown, that you tell the Lord that although I myself proved too weak for battle (*podvig*), still I did not restrain you, but blessed you." "I will, Papa," she said, kissing his hand, thus herself also prophetically foreseeing her future.

Lydia succeeded in entering the Forestry Department, and in 1926 she was transferred to the Collective Lumber Industry for work with the lowest-paid laborers. Here she immediately came into contact with simple Russian people, whom she warmly loved and who responded in the same fashion.

1. Archpriest Michael Polsky, *Russia's New Martyrs* (in Russian), Jordanville, N. Y., vol. II, pp. 249-53.

The lumberjacks and drivers, who had been hardened by the work under difficult conditions, related with amazement that in the office of the Lumber Department, where Lydia met them, a feeling came over them similar to the one, now almost smothered, which they had felt when before the Revolution they had gone to meet a venerated icon of the Mother of God from the village of Bogorodskoye near Ufa. In the office foul language, insults, and quarrels were no longer heard. Evil passions were extinguished, and people became kinder to each other.

This was amazing and was noticed by everybody, including the party chiefs. They kept watch over Lydia, but discovered nothing suspicious: she did not go at all to the churches that had been legalized by the Bolsheviks, and she attended catacomb services rarely and carefully. The G.P.U. (secret police) knew that members of the catacomb church existed in the diocese, but they could find no way of uncovering and arresting them.

With the aim of uncovering those who had not yet been arrested, the G.P.U. suddenly returned from exile Bishop Andrew (Ukhtomsky), who was deeply revered by the people and by all elements of the catacomb church; but at the bishop's direction he was received openly by only one church in Ufa, although secretly the whole diocese came to him. The G.P.U. was mistaken: instead of being uncovered, the catacomb church deepened and spread, remaining as before inaccessible to spies. The G.P.U., convinced of the failure of its plan, again arrested Bishop Andrew and sent him into exile.[1]

Lydia was arrested on July 9, 1928. The secret-operations department had long been seeking a typist who had been supplying the workers of the Forestry Department with typewritten brochures containing lives of the Saints, prayers, sermons and instructions of ancient and recent Church hierarchs. It had been noticed that on this typist's typewriter the lower stem of the "k" was broken; and thus Lydia was discovered.

The G.P.U. understood that there had fallen into their hands a clue for uncovering the whole catacomb church. Ten days of uninterrupted questioning did not break the martyr; she simply refused to say anything. On July 20 the interrogator, having lost all patience, gave Lydia over to the "special command" for interrogation.

This "special command" worked in a corner room in the cellar of the GPU. A permanent guard was stationed in the cellar corridor; on this day the guard was Cyril Ataev, a 23-year-old private. He saw Lydia

1. Bishop Andrew is himself venerated as one of the great martyrs of the Communist Yoke.

as she was brought into the cellar. The preceding ten-days' questioning had drained the strength of the martyr and she could not go down the steps. Private Ataev, at the call of his chiefs, held her and led her down to the interrogation chamber.

"May Christ save you," Lydia thanked the guard, sensing in the Red Army guard a spark of compassion for her in the delicate gentleness of his strong arms.

And Christ saved Ataev.

The words of the martyr, her eyes full of pain and perplexity, fell into his heart. Now he could no longer listen with indifference to her uninterrupted screams and cries, as he had previously listened to the same cries from others being interrogated and tortured.

Lydia was tortured for a long time. The tortures of the G.P.U. were usually fashioned so as to leave no particularly noticeable marks on the body of the tortured, but at Lydia's interrogation no attention was paid to this.

The screams and cries of Lydia continued almost uninterruptedly for more than an hour and a half.

"But aren't you in pain? You're screaming and crying, that means it's painful?" asked the exhausted torturers in one of the intervals.

"Painful! Lord, how painful!" replied Lydia with a broken moan.

"Then why don't you talk? It will be more painful!" -- said the perplexed torturers.

"I can't talk... I can't... He won't allow... " groaned Lydia.

"Who won't allow?"

"God won't allow!"

The torturers devised something new for the martyr: sexual assault. There were four of them -- one more was needed. They called the guard to help.

When Ataev entered the room, he saw Lydia, understood the means of her further torture and his own role in this -- and there was worked in him a miracle like to the unexpected conversion of the ancient torturers. Ataev's whole soul was repelled by the satanic abominableness, and a holy enthusiasm seized him. Totally unaware of what he was doing, the Red Army guard with his own revolver killed on the spot the two torturers who stood before him. Before even the second shot had echoed the G.P.U. man who had been standing behind hit Cyril

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THE SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTIONS

TO LAYMEN AND MONKS

Of Our Father Among the Saints
ST. SERAPHIM OF SAROV

XI

TEARS

ALL SAINTS, and monks who have renounced the world, have spent their whole lives in weeping, in the hope of eternal consolation, according to the assurance of the Saviour of the world: *Blessed are they that mourn (weep), for they shall be comforted* (St. Matt. 5:4).

And thus should we weep for the forgiveness of our sins. The words of the bearer of the purple should convince us of this: *Going they went and wept, casting their seeds; but coming they shall come with joyfulness, carrying their sheaves* (Ps. 125:6); as well as the words of St. Isaac the Syrian: "Moisten your cheeks with the tears of your eyes, that the Holy Spirit may abide in you, and cleanse the filth of your malice. Move your Lord with your tears, that He may help you" (Homily 68).

When we weep at prayer, and laughter mixes in, then know that this comes from the cunning of the devil. It is difficult to understand the stealthy, subtle workings of our enemy.

The heart of one who weeps tears of tender feeling (*umilenie*) is illumined by rays of the Sun of righteousness -- Christ our God.

XII

SORROW

WHEN THE EVIL SPIRIT OF SORROW seizes the soul, it fills it with distress and unpleasantness, and thus it does not allow one to pray with the necessary diligence, it hinders one from reading the Scriptures with proper attention, it deprives one of meekness and deference in one's relations with the brothers, and it produces an aversion for every kind of conversation. For the soul that is filled with sorrow becomes as if mad and delirious and is unable calmly either to accept good advice or to reply meekly to questions asked of it. It flees people as if they were the cause of the sorrow and fails to understand that the cause of the affliction is within oneself. Sorrow is a worm of the heart that gnaws at the mother that gave it birth.

The sorrowing monk will not stir his mind to contemplation and can never offer pure prayer.

He who has overcome the passions has also overcome sorrow. But he who has been overcome by the passions will not escape the chains of sorrow. As a sick man is known by the color of his face, so one who is possessed by passions is given away by his sorrow.

He who loves the world cannot but sorrow. But he who disdains the world is always joyful.

As fire purifies gold, so the sorrow of longing for God purifies a sinful heart.

XIII

BOREDOM AND DESPONDENCY

AN INSEPARABLE COMPANION of the spirit of sorrow is *boredom*. It attacks a monk, as the Fathers have observed, at about midday, and it produces in him such a terrible restlessness that both the place where he lives and the brothers who live with him become unbearable to him; and during the reading there is aroused

in him a kind of disgust, repeated yawning, and great hunger. Once the belly has been satisfied, the demon of boredom insinuates into the monk the idea of going out of his cell and talking to someone, suggesting that the only way of saving oneself from boredom is by constantly conversing with others. And the monk who is vanquished by boredom is like desert tumbleweed that now stops for a moment, and now is again at the mercy of the wind. He is like a wisp of cloud pursued by the wind.

This demon, if he cannot entice the monk out of his cell, begins to distract his mind during prayer and reading. This--the notion occurs to him--shouldn't be like that, and that doesn't belong here, one must put things in order; and the demon does all this in order to make the mind idle and unproductive.

This affliction is cured by prayer, abstinence from idle talk, manual labor according to one's strength, reading of the Word of God, and patience; for it is born of faintheartedness, inactivity, and idle talk. (St. Isaac the Syrian, 212.)

It is difficult for one just beginning the monastic life to avoid boredom, for it is the first thing to attack him. Therefore above all one must guard against it by means of strict and absolute fulfillment of all the duties laid upon the novice. When your activities fall into a real order, boredom will find no place in your heart. Only those are afflicted with boredom whose affairs have no orderly arrangement. And so obedience is the best treatment for this dangerous affliction.

When boredom vanquishes you, say to yourself, in accordance with the instructions of St. Isaac the Syrian: "You desire again an unclean and shameful life. And if the thought occurs to you: it is a great sin to kill oneself [with ascetic practices], -- you should say in return: I am killing myself because I cannot live uncleanly. I shall die here so as not to see real death--the death of my soul in its relation to God. It is better for me to die here in purity than to live an evil life in the world. I have preferred such a death to my sins. I am killing myself because I have sinned against God, and I will no longer anger Him. What is life to me apart from God? This affliction I will bear, so as not to be deprived of the hope of heaven. Why should God care for my life, if I live evilly and anger Him? (Homily 22.)

Boredom is one thing, and the anguish of spirit that is called *despondency* is quite another. It sometimes happens that a man is in such

a spiritual state that it seems to him that it would be easier to be annihilated or to be totally without consciousness or feeling than to remain any longer in this immeasurably painful state. One must come out of it quickly. Guard yourself against the spirit of despondency, for from it comes every kind of evil. (St. Barsanuphius the Great, Answer 73.)

There is a natural despondency, Saint Barsanuphius teaches, caused by weakness; and there is a despondency caused by a demon. They may be distinguished thus: Diabolical despondency comes before the time when one must give oneself some rest; or when someone proposes to do something, before he can finish a third or a fourth of it the demon forces him to leave the work and stand up. In such a case one should not listen to him, but should offer a prayer and patiently continue to sit and work. And the enemy, seeing that the man offers a prayer because of this, withdraws, since he does not wish to give any occasion for prayer. (Saint Barsanuphius the Great.)

When it pleases God, says Isaac the Syrian, to plunge a man into greater afflictions, He permits him to fall into the hands of fainthearted-ness. The latter produces in him a strong force of despondency, in which he experiences a straitness of soul, and this is a foretaste of hell; as a consequence of this the spirit of delirium comes upon him, and from it thousands of temptations spring forth: anxiety, rage, blasphemy, complaining about one's lot, depraved thoughts, moving from place to place, and the like. If you will ask: what is the cause of this? then I will tell you: your negligence; because you did not take the trouble to seek a cure for them. For there is one treatment for all this, and with the aid of it a man soon finds comfort in his soul. And what kind of treatment is this? Meekness of heart. There is no way apart from this by which a man may tear down the wall of these vices; quite the contrary, he will find that they will overpower him. (St. Isaac the Syrian.) Despondency is sometimes called by the Holy Fathers idleness, sloth, or indolence.

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on the head with the handle of his gun. Ataev still had strength enough to turn and seize his attacker by the throat, but a shot from the fourth one knocked him to the floor.

Cyril fell with his head toward Lydia, who was stretched out with thongs. The Lord gave him the opportunity of hearing once more from the martyr words of hope. And looking straight into Lydia's eyes, Cyril, blood gushing from him, gasped his union to the Lord:

"Saint, take me with you!"

"I will take you," Lydia smiled, radiant.

The sound and meaning of this conversation as it were opened a door to the other world, and terror darkened the consciousness of the two G.P.U. men who remained alive. With insane shouts they began to shoot the helpless victims who threatened them, and they shot until both their revolvers had been emptied. Those who had come running at the shots led them away, shouting insanely, and themselves fled from the room, seized by an unknown terror.

One of these two G.P,U. men became completly insane. The other soon died of nervous shock. Before his death this second one told everything to his friend, Sergeant Alexei Ikonnikoff, who turned to God and brought this account to the Church; for his zealous propagation of it he himself suffered a martyr's death.

All three -- Lydia, Cyril, and Alexei, -- have been canonized as saints in the religious consciousness of the catacomb church.

By the prayers of Thy martyrs -- Lydia, Cyril, and Alexei, -- Lord Jesus Christ our God, save the Russian people!

THE NETHERLANDS ORTHODOX CHURCH

A Report from The Hague
by a member of the clergy of one of
the youngest Orthodox missionary Churches

By HIERODEACON DAVID
Monastery of Our Holy Father Basilios

THE NAME OF THE Netherlands (in Dutch: Nederland) means literally "Low Country," and in fact about forty per cent of its surface lies below the level of the sea. Bordered by Germany on the east and by Belgium on the south and facing the British Isles across the North Sea, the Netherlands is very much a Western European country and this is reflected in the religious composition of its inhabitants. Of its population of more than twelve million, about forty per cent is Roman Catholic, slightly less than forty per cent is Protestant (mostly belonging to the Calvinistic Nederlands Hervormde Kerk, commonly referred to in English as the Dutch Reformed Church). More than eighteen per cent declared itself in the 1960 Census as having no religion and this proportion may well have increased since that date as greater and greater economic prosperity coupled with higher and higher standards of living leads more and more people to materialism and indifference towards God. There are also about eleven thousand who belong to the Old Catholic Church, which broke away from the Church of Rome in the 17th century, following the semi-calvinistic teachings of Jansen and associated with the philosophers Descartes and Pascal; in 1870 the then existing Old Catholics were joined by several Germans who could not accept the newly-promulgated dogma of Papal infallibility. In addition, there are churches of various jurisdictions of the Orthodox diaspora in Western Europe, namely of the Patriarchate of Constantinople, the Russian Orthodox Church Outside of Russia, and the Patriarchate of Moscow.

The Greek Orthodox Church in Rotterdam (which is now the world's largest seaport) is appropriately dedicated to the honor of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of seamen. In addition to the Greek sailors on visiting ships there are many Greek contract workers in the Netherlands (of whom more than two thousand are in the city of Utrecht), so that the single Greek Orthodox parish has a population which is estimated to be of the order of five or six thousand, but which changes daily in its composition as ships arrive and depart. This flock is served by one energetic and enthusiastic priest, stationed in Rotterdam. Its members include some Dutch people who have become Orthodox, mostly after marriage with a Greek, but in some cases out of real conviction of the truth of Orthodoxy.

Being a small country in a corner of Western Europe, the Netherlands was never settled for long by the Russian emigres. The number of Russian Orthodox at present in the Netherlands is only about 900, mostly belonging to the Russian Orthodox Church Outside of Russia, which has parishes in The Hague, Amsterdam and Arnhem. There are also three parishes under the Patriarchate of Moscow.

IT IS NOT so well known, however, that the Netherlands also contains an indigenous Orthodox Church. In a side street of The Hague (De Ruyterstraat) one can see outside one of the terraced houses (no. 63 a board with the legend: *Nederlands Orthodoxe Kerk*. If there is a service in progress, incense can be smelled in the street outside and singing can be heard; there may also be bicycles and autocycles (which are very common forms of transport among the Dutch) leaning against the front of the house. Inside is the Monastery of Saint John the Baptist (Het Klooster van Sint Jan de Doper), containing Dutch nuns, and a little further up the same street (at no. 73) is the Monastery of Our Holy Father Basilios, which is also the residence of a Dutch bishop, and which contains Dutch monks. These monasteries are also the center of a parish of Dutch Orthodox Christians. How did this Dutch Orthodox Church come into being?

The Christian religion actually first reached the Netherlands as early as the 4th Century, when St. Servatios (who died in the year 384), a disciple of St. Athanasius the Great and a great fighter against Arianism in the West, moved his see to Maastricht (which is now the capital of the province of Limburg, in the south-east corner of the Netherlands).

This man of Syrian origin became the first bishop on what is now Dutch territory and he and his successors launched a mission which led to the Christianization of the low-lying land to the south of the river Rhine. Three and a half centuries later, St. Willibrord (died in 739) came from England to evangelize the Friesians, who lived to the north of the river. Most of the Friesians were heathen, but some were followers of the heretical Arian religion, which had had a successful mission among the Goths. St. Willibrord was the first Bishop of Utrecht. There were many saintly bishops in the Netherlands before the Great Schism, and they are commemorated by the Netherlands Orthodox Church as belonging to the Church in the days when Western Christianity was still united with the East.

After the schism of the West from the Orthodox, the first appearance of Orthodoxy in the Netherlands came about when King William II was married to the Russian princess Anna Pavlovna in 1816. The Queen had a private chaplain and a small Orthodox chapel in the palace, and she also started a Russian Orthodox church in The Hague. In 1917 a few hundred refugees came from Russia and a parish was established in The Hague. Some Dutch people began to be interested in the religion of these refugees and a few became Orthodox in the 1930's.

The real beginning of the Netherlands Orthodox Church, however, came in 1940, when two Roman Catholic Benedictine monks, Jacob Akkersdijk and Adriaan Korporaal, were led towards Orthodoxy on their own initiative through study of the Church Fathers. After being received as monks into the Orthodox Church, they hired a house in The Hague for use as a monastery. However, during and after the Second World War they had to move around much and both monks had to work in secular employment in order to support themselves. Then in the 1950's the first Dutch converts began to join them. Among these were an artist and her mother. The artist became a nun and learned icon painting.

At first only the Divine Liturgy was translated into Dutch and for the daily offices the monks used the Benedictine forms. It should be remembered in this connection that St. Benedict, the great father of Western Christian monasticism, learned about the monastic life from the Egyptian and other Eastern monastic fathers. St. Benedict can therefore be regarded as belonging to Western Orthodoxy, before the West began drifting away. In fact, the reigning Orthodox Patriarch of Jerusalem, His Beatitude Benedictos I, bears his name. The Rule of St. Benedict, which is

very close in spirit to that of St. Basil, is still used in the Dutch Orthodox monasteries, even though the services and liturgical customs are now all in the usual Orthodox form.

In 1950 Fr. Adriaan unfortunately became ill with tuberculosis and was sent to Switzerland to convalesce until 1953. He used that time for making translations into Dutch of the Orthodox services. The Divine Liturgy and the services of Vespers and Matins, together with other rites from the Orthodox service books, translated into the Dutch language and carried out in the usual Orthodox manner, have all been found appropriate to the worshipping needs of Dutch congregations (despite what the protagonists of a "Western-rite Orthodoxy" would have us believe); in any case, not to use them would be to miss the great and rich treasures of the Orthodox hymnody, which so admirably expresses the holy Orthodox faith that we confess. The method of chanting used is the Russian polyphonic form, which was found to be suitable for use with the Dutch language.

After experiencing some ecclesiastical difficulties, the young church was received under the omophorion of the late Archbishop John (Maximovitch) of Western Europe and later of San Francisco, in January, 1954 Under the paternal care and guidance of that great missionary bishop the mission grew steadily. The Netherlands Orthodox Church was very much grieved when it lost its founder through his sudden death in July, 1966. (On his life see *The Orthodox Word* vol. 2, nos. 3 and 5, 1966.)

In 1955 the monastery was moved to De Ruyterstraat 63 in The Hague, its present address. As the monastery and the parish centered on it advanced together, Fr. Jacob became successively hegoumen and archimandrite.

Then in the year 1965 came the greatest day so far of the young Netherlands Orthodox Church. First, the Synod of Bishops of the Russian Orthodox Church Outside Russia, meeting in New York, decided that the Dutch Orthodox of its jurisdiction should have their own bishop, who would at the same time be Vicar of the Diocese of Western Europe, and that Archimandrite Jacob should accordingly be consecrated as bishop with the title Bishop of 's Gravenhage (the full name in Dutch of The Hague). Then the consecration itself took place on Sunday, 19 September, 1965 in the Church of the Much-Patient Job in Brussels, which serves as cathedral in Western Europe for the Russian Orthodox Church Outside Russia. The consecration was carried out by His Eminence Philaret, Metropolitan of New York and President of the Episcopal

Synod, together with Their Eminences Antony, Archbishop of Geneva and Western Europe and Bishop Nathanael of Berlin. During the same service Hieromonk Adriaan was made Hegoumen of the Monastery of St. John the Baptist.

Towards the end of 1966 the Netherlands Orthodox Church was able to acquire another terraced house in the same street (De Ruyterstraat 73). After much hard work (especially by Hegoumen Adriaan) this house has been converted into the episcopal residence and the men's monastery of Our Holy Father Basilios. The nuns remain in the St. John the Baptist Monastery, which also serves as parish church.

In 1964 an attempt had been made to start a parish in Amsterdam the largest city in the Netherlands). A one year's lease was obtained on an empty house in which services were held, but because a priest had to come on visit from The Hague every time there was a service, and because a more permanent place could not then be found, the attempt was not a success and had to be shelved temporarily. Then in 1967 it became possible to hire a building in the center of Amsterdam and also a basement room in one of the suburbs, very close to one of Amsterdam's universities. Both these places have been furnished for Orthodox worship. The church in the city center is served by a hieromonk and that in the suburb by a married priest who lives nearby. Thus at two strategic places in the capital city there is now a real Orthodox presence, with the Office done daily, the Vigil service on Saturday evenings and the Divine Liturgy on Sundays and the great feasts. Bishop Jacob, as did Archbishop John before him, insists on the living Orthodox liturgical tradition as the best witness to the Faith.

IN ADDITION TO Bishop Jacob (the English equivalent of his name is James) and Hegoumen Adriaan, the Netherlands Orthodox Church has at present as clergy the above-mentioned hieromonk and priest in Amsterdam, a deacon who lives in Eindhoven (a large town in the south of the country), and a deacon and a hierodeacon in The Hague. The monasteries, under Hegoumen Adriaan, include the hieromonk and the hierodeacon, three nuns, two novice nuns and one novice monk. There are also four laypeople (a man and three women) who live in the respective monasteries, attend the services, share the meals and join in the chores and other aspects of the life of the brethren and sisters. The total number of Dutch faithful is approximately six hundred. Bishop

THE GUARDIAN OF THE NETHERLANDS ORTHODOX CHURCH
THE ICON OF THE VLADIMIR MOTHER OF GOD

Jacob also has jurisdiction over the Russian - speaking parishes in the Netherlands of the Russian Orthodox Church Outside Russia. Some of his Dutch clergy can, if necessary, take services in Slavonic. The monasteries themselves have a somewhat international character, since one of the nuns is German and the hierodeacon British.

The church furniture was mostly made by the monks, most of the icons were painted by the above-mentioned iconographer-nun, and most of the vestments (including complete sets of episcopal vestments) were made by the nuns assisted by the laywomen of the parish.

Above: Iconostasis and Royal Gates, Church of St. John the Baptist, 1967

Left: Bishop Jacob of The Hague

One of the main purposes of the monasteries is to establish a living center of Orthodoxy in the Netherlands, where much interest in the Orthodox Church is shown as a result of the Catholic and Protestant ecumenical and liturgical movements. The Oktoichos has already been printed in Dutch; this is to date the only complete printed translation into Dutch of an Orthodox service book, and it has been purchased by university and theological seminary libraries as well as by the Dutch Orthodox faithful. Appreciation has also been expressed by members of other churches over the standard of liturgical Dutch used as the language of translation. A new translation of the Psalter from the Greek Septuagint text as used in the Orthodox Church was completed in 1967. The other service books exist at present in typewritten copies only. These translations have been made first and foremost for liturgical use; great attention has therefore been paid to the rhythm of the words used in translation so that they should fit the rhythm of the chanting. The style of language is poetic. On the other hand, great care has been taken to express the meaning of the original Greek as closely as possible. The result is a translation which is not only fit for liturgical use but is also as exact as possible in conveying the meaning of the original.

POSSESSING ITS OWN BISHOP, the Netherlands Orthodox Church now has even greater possibilities for growth than before, provided that it can have a certain degree of independence in the running of its affairs. However, it should be remembered that (as was stated at the beginning of this article) the Netherlands is a small, predominantly Christian country (or at least nominally so). The aim must therefore on no account be to gain converts from other churches by means of any kind of propaganda campaign or through pressure exerted on persons. Those who of their own accord wish to become Orthodox (and they continue to come forward) are genuinely welcome. The number of Dutch Orthodox is small and can be expected to remain small in such a situation, but it is important that the quality of the converts be kept high, persons only being received into the Church after careful preparation, if the Dutch Orthodox Church is to carry out its task of being a witness in Western Europe to Western Europeans of the richness of the Holy Orthodox Faith.

The late Archbishop John was an Orthodox missionary directly in the tradition of the great Russian missionaries of the last few centuries

and the Netherlands Orthodox Church tries to follow his advice in its mission. Accordingly there is no attempt at identification with the "ghettoes" (to use Archbishop John's own phrase) of the Russian and Greek dispersions, but it is important to remain culturally and linguistically Dutch and not try to present the Holy Orthodox Faith as a piece of exoticism. On the literary side, the emphasis has been on translating the Orthodox service books and not on producing pamphlets and other such literature.

In many countries of Western Europe nowadays more and more people are finding the answer to the problems of the age in which we live and to their own personal longings of the heart in Orthodoxy. The Netherlands Orthodox Church represents only a small group of these converts, but though small it is perhaps the most advanced. Through the prayers of our holy fathers Servatios and Willibrord, the Apostles of the Netherlands, and of the Father of Western monasticism, St. Benedict, may the Lord Jesus Christ our God strengthen us to bear witness to His Holy Orthodox Faith in Western Europe.

Editor's note: One most interesting question, one that becomes an increasingly practical one as the Orthodox mission progresses in Western Europe, concerns the pre-Schism saints of the West: what is their status in Orthodoxy? Many, of course (such as St. Benedict and many Popes of Rome) were acknowledged by the whole Church before Rome's apostasy and are still revered in the Orthodox Church (having whole services written to them -- which they do not have in the Latin Church); but many were purely local saints whose Orthodox veneration ceased when the West ceased to be Orthodox and has only been revived now as a part of the unexpected patrimony of European converts. The question is not entirely simple, since some leading Western saints (such as Blessed Augustine and Jerome) have been regarded with some reserve in the East, and others uncanonized by Rome herself (such as St. John Cassian of Rome) were canonized and are highly venerated in the East.

The Netherlands Orthodox Church commemorates some forty local Dutch saints (mostly missionaries, and many also martyrs) and many non-local Western saints. The Life of St. Willibrord (by the Venerable Bede) exists in a recent English translation in: C. H. Talbot, *The Anglo-Saxon Missionaries in Germany*, Sheed & Ward, New York, 1954.

SOME PERSONAL MEMORIES OF

ARCHBISHOP JOHN MAXIMOVITCH

By HEGOUMEN ADRIAAN
Netherlands Orthodox Church

Archbishop John is honored as the Founder of the Netherlands Orthodox Church, and the first Life of him to appear after his death was in the Dutch-language periodical of this Church (the article that follows appeared in the same issue).

Later, the major Life to date of Vladika (The Orthodox Word, *Nov.-Dec.*, 1966) *was translated in full into Dutch and printed in the same organ. The veneration and love of the Orthodox Dutch for Vladika was summed up in Bishop Jacob's Foreword to their Life of him: "I have no spiritual father any more and shall indeed find no other, certainly not one like him, who rang me up in the middle of the night to say: Go to sleep now, what you are asking of God will certainly be all right. -- Vladika, thank you for everything, and remember us, your Dutch Church, at the Throne of God."*

VLADIKA JOHN, nicknamed Shanghaisky, was a person of the type one longs to meet, even if it is only for once in a lifetime. When then such a meeting has become reality, the remembrance remains unforgettable. He was literally a unique personality, completely his own type, because many characteristics, in themselves already rare, were united in him to an exceptional degree.

Still ever do I see before me how he came to look us up in our church about fifteen years ago. To the eye he made no great impression: small, a dumpy figure, an irregular face in a mess of tangled head- and beard-hairs. A serious speech impediment made him extremely difficult to understand, even though he spoke German, French, and English. But he did not say much. Very calm, without taking any notice of the people who were waiting for him, he inspected the whole church. He went

to kiss the altar and looked in detail at and into everything that was on it. After that he studied one by one the surrounding icons and the books, the printed as well as the handwritten ones. After a full hour he made his departure: he had wanted to make acquaintance with the Dutch priests, and when we had difficulties we had only to make our way to him.

A year later we indeed had serious ecclesiastical difficulties. After having for a long time made fruitless attempts in various directions, we decided to hazard a chance with him also. That was the beginning of a long and friendly relationship that has been full of blessing, both for us personally and for the Netherlands Church, which he then took under his omophorion. For with him this meant that he really took us under his protection as well, and he generously defended us against all the attacks which from lack of understanding and sometimes even out of ill-will were levelled at the young and vulnerable community.

In this way we also received the opportunity of learning to know him better, including his unbelievable way of life. For he often came visiting, and during his visitations of the Russian Church in the Netherlands he always used to stay with us in the monastery, where he felt completely at home. Furthermore, we were repeatedly with him in France, in the monastery of Lesna or in his room at the Russian Cadet Corps in Versailles.

What struck one first of all was his unbelievably strict asceticism. It was as if a desert saint out of the first centuries had come to life again. Never did he go to bed; he even possessed no bed. On some occasions, during heavy illness, he was nursed somewhere else. He slept in short snatches, sometimes for a few minutes while standing praying, at night for a few hours sitting upright in a chair and--very disturbing for many--for a few minutes also during a conversation which did not interest him, but of which he nevertheless never lost the thread of the discussion. He used to walk barefoot, even over the sharp gravel of the park at Versailles. Later this was forbidden him by the Metropolitan, after serious blood-poisoning through a piece of glass. He took only one meal a day, towards midnight -- at least when that was looked after for him; otherwise he omitted that also.

But still much more impressive was the living example of his prayer. He celebrated the Divine Liturgy daily, however few people there were present. At this service he took much time over the prepar-

ation of the Gifts. The diskos was full to overflowing because of the many commemorations. From every pocket he pulled out pieces of paper with names, and every day new ones were added out of letters from all parts of the world in which people asked for his prayers, especially for the sick. In addition, he kept a sharp image in his memory of each of the many people whom he had met in his active life. He knew and understood their needs and that was already a comfort. At the Great Entrance with the Gifts he began again, with the commemorations that had been sent inside to him in the meantime, so that the choir sometimes had to repeat the Cherubikon three times. After the Divine Liturgy he was still for hours in the church. With minute care he cleansed the chalice and disk, the table of preparation and the altar. At the same time he ate some prosphora and drank much hot water.

He did the different Hours of Prayer of the day aloud, wherever he happened to be, often standing in the train or on a ship, in between the other passengers (for he travelled much). He read the morning mail in the afternoon, after the Divine Liturgy, but a trusted person had to open his letters in order to see whether there were any urgent intentions. Sometimes he gave announcements of the contents beforehand, even of affairs about which he had heard nothing for a long time. He took strict care that in church and especially in the altar nothing was said about anything else than what related to the service.

His attention went out in the first place to the sick and the lonely, whom he visited even in the remotest places. For this he carried on a strap around his neck a flat leather case with a heavy icon of the Mother of God, a copy of the wonderworking Icon of Kursk, which the emigrant Church had brought with it out of Russia. There he sang with his broken voice at the sick man's side the little office of the Mother of God (Moleben) and eventually brought the Holy Communion as well.

His preference went for children, whom he so readily had around him. He always informed himself about them, he catechized them, sent them cards and brought presents for them with him. He could look at them in their eyes for minutes at a time with that warm, radiant look, which encompassed you completely, as a mother puts her arms around her baby.

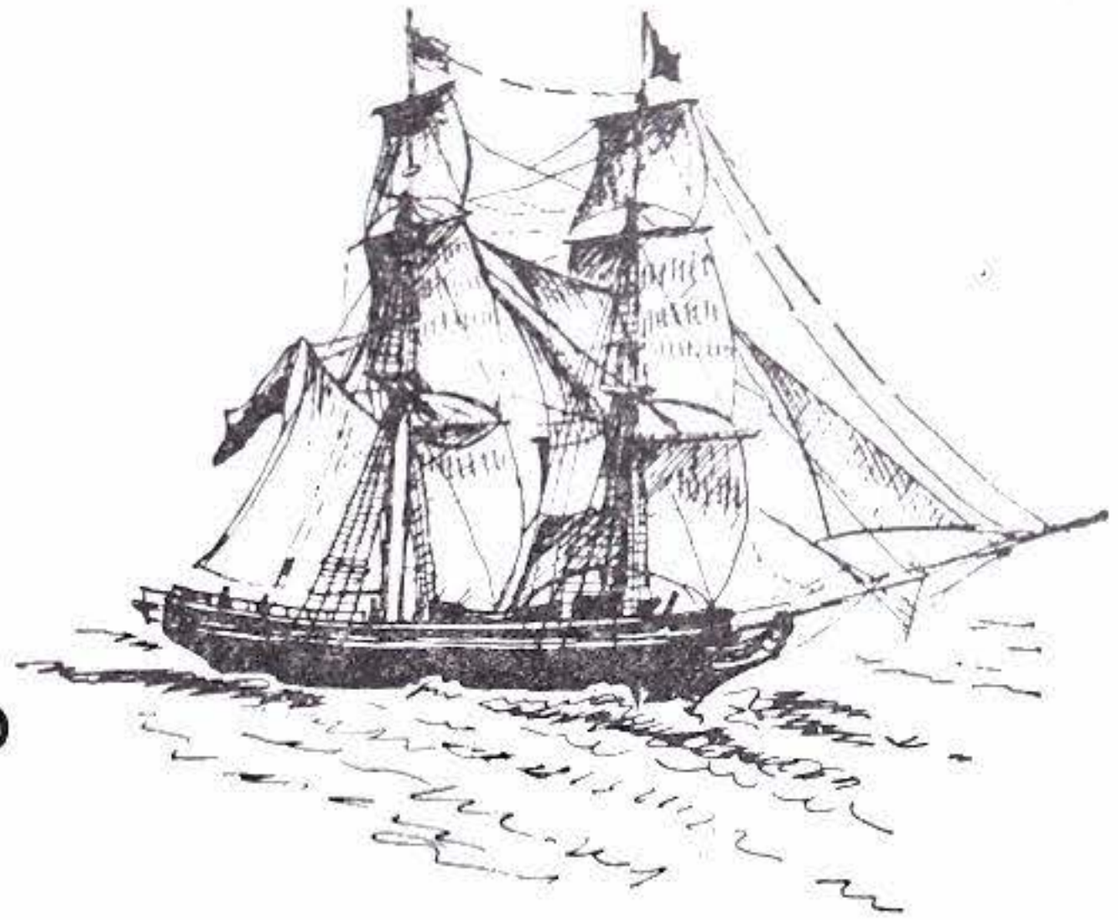
This look is something unforgettable for everyone who came in contact with him. As badly as he could express himself in words, so

were his eyes full of meaning. A chance bodily contact made one think of something hard and massive, like a knotty tree trunk. But if he looked at you, then you knew yourself for that moment to be the most loved person in the world.

Naturally, many who only knew him superficially were offended at his appearance. He knew no way of outward worthiness, he was under all circumstances only himself: the monk who thought only of prayer and the needs of those in trouble. But much greater is the number of those who admired him indeed for that and loved him, even though he was tiresome to them with his requests. The story is famous of how he stayed in Washington for many days in succession in the waiting of the ministry of external affairs until he extracted the entry permit for his thousands of Russian refugees from China, including the sick, which no one had managed to do previously. Everywhere he went people appeared who wanted to speak with him. If he walked in Paris, then people hurried to him from all sides to ask his blessing and to kiss his hand. Then you saw the elegantly-dressed ladies often first wiping their mouths clean, because they knew that he had a dislike for lipstick. In addition, the train to Dieppe (where the cadet corps had later been housed) left too late from the Gare Saint Lazare on many occasions, because the conductor saw from afar the Russian Monseigneur, who was held up by people every time. Nevertheless, he also often missed trains on his journeys, for time was for him but a vague concept.

There would be many other such anecdotes to tell. There is for example that tramp in Lyons, who so enthusiatically told how Vladika John used to walk through Shanghai at night during the difficult years in order to give out bread and money, even to drunkards. That he had never forgotten, with however much bitter criticism he spoke about the others.

In the same way as he lived he has also died, completely unexpectedly, alone in his room, when he had just gone to sit down in order to rest after the church service, during his visit to Seattle, in the far north of his extensive diocese. We shall always be grateful for having known him and for having been taken up into his wide love. We trust that this bond of love will still work continuously for our good, now that he is yet more directly linked with his Lord, of Whom he has been one of the most faithful servants on earth in our time.



A PILGRIMAGE TO
THE ORTHODOX

HOLY PLACES OF AMERICA

THE ELEVENTH PILGRIMAGE

THE CANADIAN LANDSCAPE is similar to that of Northern Russia: horizontal vastnesses, dense forests, the azure stillness of spacious lakes. The lakes of *Northern Thebaid* reflected shadows of living saints...

In the heart of Alberta, 120 miles northeast of Edmonton (Highway 28 to Vilna, and then north several miles), lies a beautiful lake whose clear waters have been blessed by a saintly man and whose shores have borne his dreams. Now all is silent, and the unearthly tale buried there might never have been told. But our God-loving pilgrim must not be deprived of the spiritual joy of knowing it, and thus will pay homage to the almost deserted site of a holy skete and then read the brief Life of its founder, the righteous Archbishop Ioasaph.

In 1934 some Russian and Ukrainian farmers dwelling in the vicinity of *Whitefish Lake* invited their ruling bishop to pay them a visit in order to serve the Divine Liturgy for them, baptize their children, and bless the waters of the lake. With joy did the good bishop come and fulfill their wish; but as soon as he beheld the azure clarity of the lake some unknown feeling overcame him. He stood there motionless, deeply engrossed in prayer. The silence and the mysterious beauty of the lake gave rise to his prayerful inspiration, and all he uttered aloud was: *Grad Kitezh*...

GRAD KITEZH

St. Seraphim Skete

ON WHITEFISH LAKE, ALBERTA

Save yourselves, brethren, from "this corrupt world." Enter within yourselves. Only he may be called a real man, who has come to know himself, said Abba Pimen. Remember the warning of the Lord: "It is nigh, at the doors" -- His Coming.

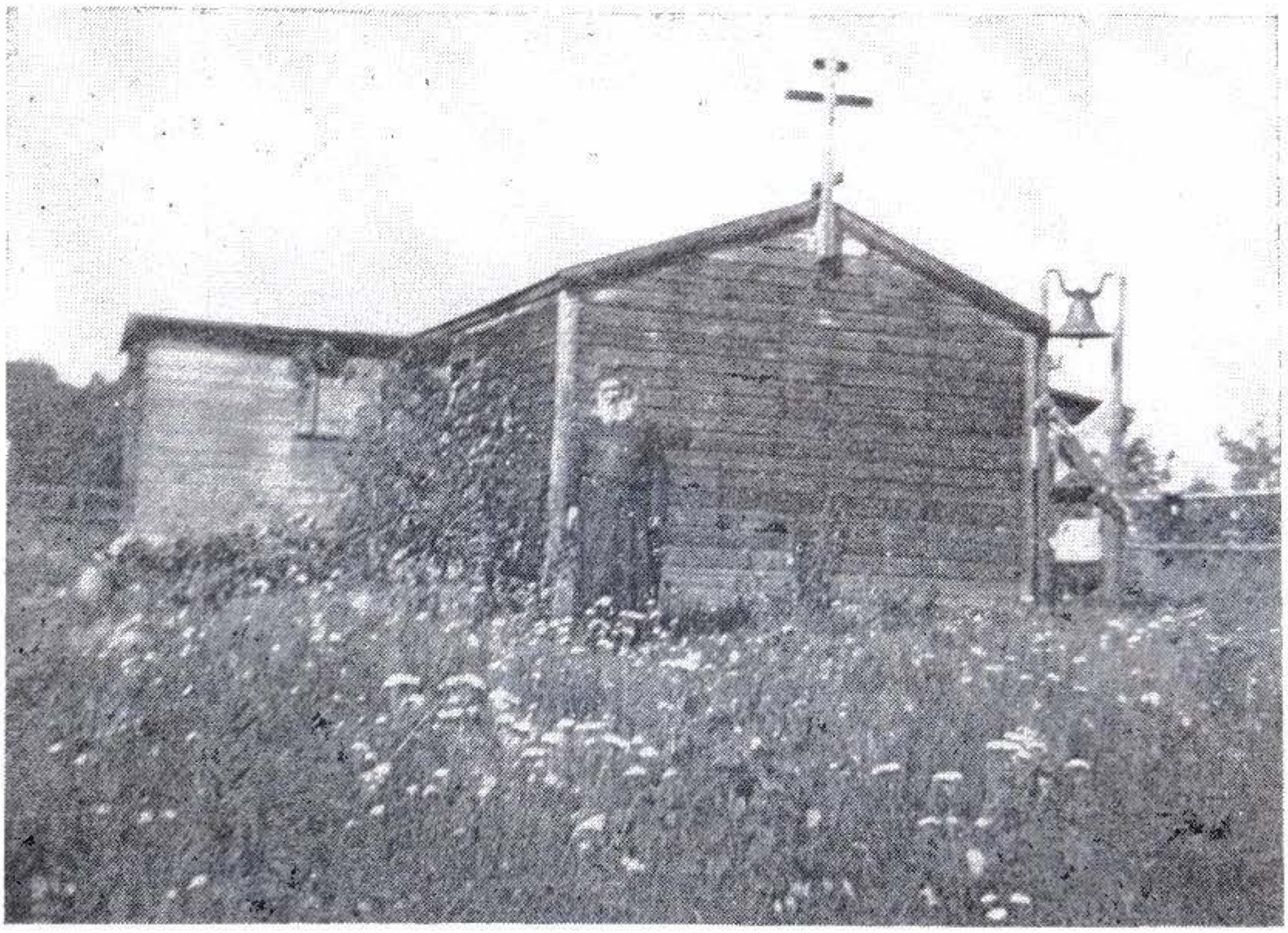
Archbishop Ioasaph

GRAD KITEZH was a legendary city of great piety built on the shore of a beautiful lake in the north of Russia. When, in the 13th century, the Tatars were about to attack and defile it, God concealed it from the eyes of sinful men, at the bottom of the lake. "On a quiet summer evening, shadows of the walls, churches, and monasteries may be seen on the surface of the waters. And at night may be heard the muted and melancholy ringing of the bells of Kitezh" (A.Pechersky).

After the Revolution of 1917, Holy Russia underwent a similar fate. Vladika Ioasaph "saw" in the waters of Whitefish Lake the emerging Grad Kitezh, the possibility of a spiritual echo of Holy Russia, and he put all his strength into building a skete on its shore in the name of St. Seraphim of Sarov. Possessing great physical strength, he himself felled trees, cleared woods, and with the help of a few brothers built a chapel and planned a cemetery where he wished to be buried. The local farmers (Galicians) had great love for him and took great interest in his work. In 1938 the chapel was completed and consecrated.

Being a ruling bishop in such a vast and undeveloped area, Vladika Ioasaph was obliged to spend much time travelling and unfortunatly could not stay all the time at the skete as he wanted. With his departure to Argentina and the death of the last monk in the skete in 1957, Grad Kitezh gradually sinks again into oblivion...

Vladika Ioasaph, a lonely pilgrim, visiting his vast diocese.



Vladika at the Skete in summertime.

1888 - 1955

BESIDES BEING an outstanding spiritual figure in his own right, Vladika Ioasaph, as his whole life as an archpastor indicates, was also a model of a hierarch such as is imperative for Orthodoxy today. First and foremost a true monk, he was able to retain almost child-like simplicity and a pure mind, which enabled him not only to sense any impurity or deviation from Orthodoxy, but to put forth great strength to fight them, and to endure a multitude of afflictions and yet to remain radiant in genuine joyfulness.

ARCHBISHOP IOASAPH, ENLIGHTENER OF CANADA

IT WAS NOVGOROD THE GREAT that nourished and formed the future hierarch-enlightener of Canada. Vanya (diminutive form of Ioann -- John) Skorodumoff was born on January 14, 1888, the son of a village priest. His mother died when he was six. At the age of ten his father brought him to Tikhvin,[1] a town famous for its miraculous Icon of the Mother of God, and there he completed the seminary preparatory school, after which he entered Novgorod Seminary.

From his early years, asceticism entered the boy's life. The Church-centered life of Imperial Russia, with its abundance of monasteries, convents, hermitages and sketes in towns, on lakes and in forests, the wonderworking icons, the hermits unknown to the world, the wanderers and pilgrims, the religious processions with many choruses singing and bells ringing -- all this left a deep impression on the young ascetic. At first it was almost a game. Vanya and his elder brother would go fishing and stay overnight somewhere outdoors, lost in the warm summer night, talking and reading about the great ascetics of old and the lives of saints. On the way back they would perform a "podvig" -- carrying a pail of fish on one shoulder without changing for miles, all the way home. At times their shoulders would be bleeding, and although such "podvig" was discouraged at home by the elder sister, who was something of a mother to them, still the boys would be elated for having endured suffering. They also walked some distance barefoot on the snow, unseen by anyone...

In 1908, having brilliantly completed the Seminary course, he entered the St. Petersburg Theological Academy, where he became the devoted disciple of its saintly Rector, Theophan, later Bishop of Poltava.

1. See *The Orthodox Word*, vol. 3, no. 2, p. 66.

Vladika Theophan (Bystroff) was an intensely learned theologian and a great expert in the *Jesus Prayer*; to him even the fate of the dead was somewhat revealed. Under his influence the young Skorodumoff was properly introduced to *the art of arts*, which he apparently practiced well, since for the rest of his life he was constantly in a joyful state, as if experiencing joy like that of Pascha. His graduating thesis was on "Monasticism according to St. John Chrysostom," and the Saint's influence shaped the spiritual personality of the future archpastor for life. On this Saint's day he was tonsured a monk, and 43 years later on the same day he died.

Not long before his graduation his Abba Theophan was transferred to Astrakhan, a large seaport at the mouth of the Volga River, and the faithful disciple, upon successfully graduating from the Academy, gathered all his meager means and undertook the trip down the Volga to his bishop. On the way his fears were quieted by a vision in a dream, which came true just as he had seen it. In monasticism he was given the name of the recently canonized St. Ioasaph of Belgorod.

At first he was sent to teach in a seminary in northern Russia, but soon he was transferred back to his Abba, now in Poltava, where he remained until the evacuation of the White Army, when he served as an army chaplain. After the end of the war he taught in Constantinople and at various seminaries in Yugoslavia. There he was known to serve Vespers and Matins daily, which he unfailingly continued to do for the rest of his long life.

A friend of his, a former *strannik* pilgrim who roamed many holy places of Old Russia, was now in Canada; he wrote from there that the schism of Metropolitan Platon in 1926 left no legitimate Orthodox clergy in Canada, yet the land was so reminiscent of Russia and was fertile for the seed of the Word of God. "Do you want to come?" -- concluded the letter. "I do!" -- was the immediate response, even though he was quite aware of the hardships that this involved. It was only in 1930, however, that Archimandrite Ioasaph arrived in Montreal. In half a year he was made bishop for Canada. Metropolitan Anthony Khrapovitsky tonsured him in Belgrade on October 12, 1930. Upon handing him the archpastoral staff he warned him of the nature of the Christianity he would meet in America: "You are going to people who have long lived in an understanding of things that has nothing whatsoever to do with Christianity. Bring them the teaching of humility; accept this staff as a staff of benevolence and, blessing the people who now stand before you, think of the flock there, who already loves you."

And it was precisely the *wisdom of humility* (*smirennomudrie* in Slavonic) that taught him to be an exemplary missionary in the post Christian era and preserved him pure in heart. "In my life," said he in his sermon upon being consecrated bishop, "two questions have especially occupied my attention. First: the exploration of the ways of God's mercy. I observed God's unutterable mercy first of all in richly-endowed nature, and explained it to myself that nature subordinates itself to inevitable natural laws. Then I began to observe human life; and even where free will was leaning towards evil, I always found God's mercy. Then I decided to turn to that which is most sinful, most evil, and I turned to my inward life. It seemed that here there was no place for God's mercy because there was nothing good in it; but even I discovered God's mercy, and I remembered the words of the Psalmist: *Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; If I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there* (Ps. 138:7-8). Then I finally became convinced that the mercy of God towards man is limitless and boundless. The second question which I sought to solve was: will the last Judgment be soon? Judging by signs in nature, by the moral state of humanity, and finally, by myself, I felt that the time was close, that one had to hasten to do the work of God and bring into reality the preaching of His Kingdom,"

His missionary significance to Orthodox Canada lies in the fact that he was the Spirit-bearing father of monastically-oriented enlightenment, and he cannot remain forgotten by posterity.

Vladika was an unmercenary.

He came to Canada almost penniless, lived and travelled entirely on the donations of his poor countrymen: at times when visiting his diocese he would hardly have enough to pay the fare to the next village parish. For the first ten years he endured not only poverty and cold, but also much sorrow thanks to the rivalry of various church jurisdictions which separated themselves from the One Holy Apostolic Orthodox Church. But at the end of the first ten years this penniless yet cheerful bishop had: a cathedral church in Edmonton with living quarters for several clergymen, forty parishes, a monastery at Whitefish Lake, and the Holy Protection Skete[1], where his friend, V. Konovaloff, who had called him to Canada and had given up his house and all he had to pay for the trip, became the abbot -- Archimandrite Amvrossy.

For his personal qualities Vladika Ioasaph was dearly loved by all. Behind his adorable child-like simplicty of heart, he was a miracle-worker. A few of his evident miracles may be cited here. Anna, the small

1. See the Ninth Pilgrimage in *The Orthodox Word*, vol. 3, no. 5-6, p. 203.

daughter of church warden Semenchuk, suffered from epilipsy, but she was healed after a moleben served by Vladika. One summer there was dry weather that threatened to produce a bad crop. The clergy of the "Metropolia" several times served molebens in hope of rain, but to no avail. After this a group of those devoted to Vladika in the same region asked him to serve a moleben for them in their field, so that God would send rain upon the earth. They hardly reached home after the moleben before it began to rain abundantly. "See, Orthodox people," joked Vladika, "we won! Now you see on whose side is truth and justice!"

After living for many years in Canada, just after recovering from a severe illness, Vladika was raised to the rank of archbishop and sent to Argentina. Here he at once restored peace and soon became deeply loved by all. During his first visitation of his diocese, which included Paraguay as well, he visited a sick woman who had lain paralyzed in a hospital for a long time. She asked his prayers, to which he at once agreed, but he asked her whether she had faith in God and His ability to heal her. She said "yes". Whereupon he prayed and gave his *panagia* to her to kiss, after doing which she was healed. The mother of Fr. V. Drobot had a severe toothache when Vladika visted them. As he was about to leave, he hit her with his fist right on the place of the aching teeth, saying, "That's nothing, it will go away." And at once the pain stopped.

Vladika's frail health and the hot climate of Argentina, especially after Canadian winters, drained his last strength, and he died a righteous death in 1955. He appeared in white vestments to many people in their dreams. There were cases also of Vladika's rendering help from the other world. But one of the most striking testimonies of his holiness comes from the lips of the gardener-gatekeeper, D. Carlos, of the English cemetery in Buenos Aires where Vladika Ioasaph is buried: "Once when it was already dusk I noticed that in the chapel they had forgotten to turn off the electric light, and I went there. Before I had reached it, my attention was attracted by a powerful light at the left side of the chapel. But when I came closer, I saw that on the grave of your archbishop there was such an enormous light. At first I was frightened, but then I thought, what can the dead one do to me, and I decided to come closer. There was no chance that it could be a reflection from the vigil light on the grave, since the light was blue like the moonlight. It was something enormous. (Fue algo enorme.) I became terrified, although I am an atheist."

Such was the earthly life of a true Orthodox enlightener of America.

CHRIST IS RISEN!

(*Continued from page 45*)

Thus not a few times the Lord has permitted His Church too to undergo diverse trials, during the course of which it seemed that her end and ruin had come. But after these trials even brighter did victorious *TRUTH* shine out!

The Roman emperors persecuted the Church, Julian the Apostate mocked, the iconoclasts destroyed. Their dominion ended in infamy, while the Church of God attracted to herself ever new followers, enlightening whole peoples and shining with eternal glory!

Now too the Orthodox Church is undergoing terrible trials, especially the Orthodox Russian people. In truth, as it was on Golgotha, the sun has been eclipsed over Holy Russia! *They divide her garments among them, and cast lots for her vesture.*

But have not her sons, perhaps, been sent over the whole surface of the earth for a purpose -- so that *all ends of the earth might turn to the Lord*? Must we not yet more burn with zeal for true Christian life, so that the light of Orthodoxy may shine before men, and they may glorify our Father Who is in Heaven?!

The gates of hell cannot prevail against the Church of Christ!

Death, where is thy sting, hell, where thy victory?

God will arise, and His enemies be scattered!

Let us only take care that we ourselves be not numbered with those enemies. Let us preserve true faith and unhypocritical love toward Christ, imitating John the Baptist and the myrrh-bearing women, who remained the whole time faithful to Christ, and not those who fled from Him at the time of danger, renounced Him, and betrayed Him for silver.

Let us rather suffer, remaining in the truth and leading a righteous life, than possess the temporary sweetness of sin!

Let us suffer together with Christ so that we may experience the true joy of His Resurrection! Let us endure everything so that we may reign with Him!

And together with our Mother Church let us cry out: *Yesterday, O Christ, I was buried with Thee, and today I rise with Thy arising. Yesterday I was crucified with Thee. Glorify me, O Saviour, with Thee in Thy Kingdom.*

Father Herman

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